TO THE

QUEEN,

ON

Her Coronation-Day. 1706.

Horace *Lib.* 3. Ode 3. *Imitated.*

THE Man that's Reſolute and Juſt,
Firm to his Principels and Truſt,
Nor Hopes, nor Fears can blind;
No Paſſions his Deſigns control;
Not Love, that Tyrant of the Soul,
Can ſhake his ſteady Mind.

Not Parties for Revenge Engag'd,
Nor Threat'nings of a Court enrag'd,
Nor Storms where Fleets deſpair;
Not Thunder pointed at his Head;
The ſhatter'd World may ſtrike him dead,
Not touch his Soul with Fear.

From this the *Greecian* Glory roſe;
By this the *Romans* aw'd their Foes,
Of this their Poets ſing:
Theſe were the Paths the Heroes trod;
Theſe Arts made *Hercules* a God,
And Great *Naſſau* a King.

Firm on the rolling Deck he ſtood,
Unmov'd beheld the breaking Flood
With black'ning Storms combin'd;
Virtue, he cry'd, will force it's way,
The Winds may for a while delay,
Not alter our Deſign.

The Men whom ſelfiſh Hopes inflame,
Or Vanity allures to Fame,
May be to Fears betray'd,
But here a Church for Succour flies,
Inſulted Law expiring lyes,
And loudly calls for Aid.

Yes, *Britons*, yes! with ardent Zeal
I come, the wounded Heart to heal,
The wounding Hand to bind!
See, Tools of arbitrary Sway,
And Prieſts, like Locuſts, ſcour away
Before the Weſtern Wind!

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On the Queen's Coronation

Law ſhall again her Force reſume;
Religion, clear'd from Clouds of *Rome*,
With brighter Rays advance:
The *Britiſh* Fleet ſhall rule the Deep;
The *Britiſh* Youth, as rous'd from Sleep,
Strike Terror into *France*.

Nor ſhall theſe Promiſes of Fate
Be limited to my ſhort Date;
When I from Cares withdraw;
Still ſhall the *Britiſh* Scepter ſtand,
Shall flouriſh in a Female Hand,
And to Mankind give Law.

She ſhall Domeſtick Foes unite,
Monarchs beneath her Flags ſhall fight,
Whole Armies drag her Chain;
She ſhall loſt *Italy* reſtore,
Shall make th' Imperial Eagle ſoar,
And give a King to *Spain*.

But, know, Theſe Promiſes are giv'n,
Theſe great Rewards Impartial Heav'n
Does on theſe Terms decree;
That, ſtrictly puniſhing Mens Faults,
You let their Conſciences and Thoughts
Reſt abſolutely Free.

Let no falſe Politicks confine
In narrow Bounds your vaſt Deſign,
To make Mankind Unite,
Nor think it a ſufficient Cauſe,
To puniſh Men by penal Laws,
For not Believing Right.

Rome, whoſe blind Zeal deſtroys Mankind,
Rome's Sons ſhall your Compaſſion find,
Who ne'er Compaſſion knew:
By Nobler Actions theirs condemn;
For what has been reproach'd in Them,
Can ne'er be prais'd in You.

Theſe Subjects ſuit not with the Lyre;
Muſe, to what Height doſt thou aſpire,
Pretending to rehearſe
The Thoughts of Gods, and godlike Kings?
Ceaſe, ceaſe to leſſen lofty Things,
By mean ignoble Verſe!

For the Welfare of All on Bleſt *ANNA* depends;
Then honour Her moſt, whom the World moſt befriends;
Long Liv'd like *Eliza*, this Iſle may ſhe bleſs,
Like her be She Serv'd, and like her have Succeſs:
Eliza quell'd *Spain*, and in *France*'s full Growth,
Great *ANNA* ſhall Check, and ſhall Humble them both.
Then ſtrive all the Nations her Friendſhip to gain,
She can Awe the whole World who is Queen of the Main.

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